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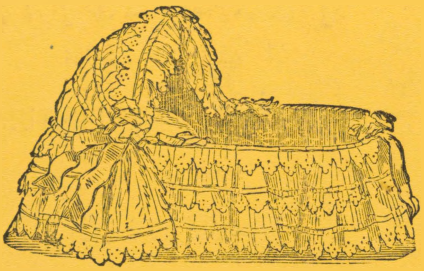

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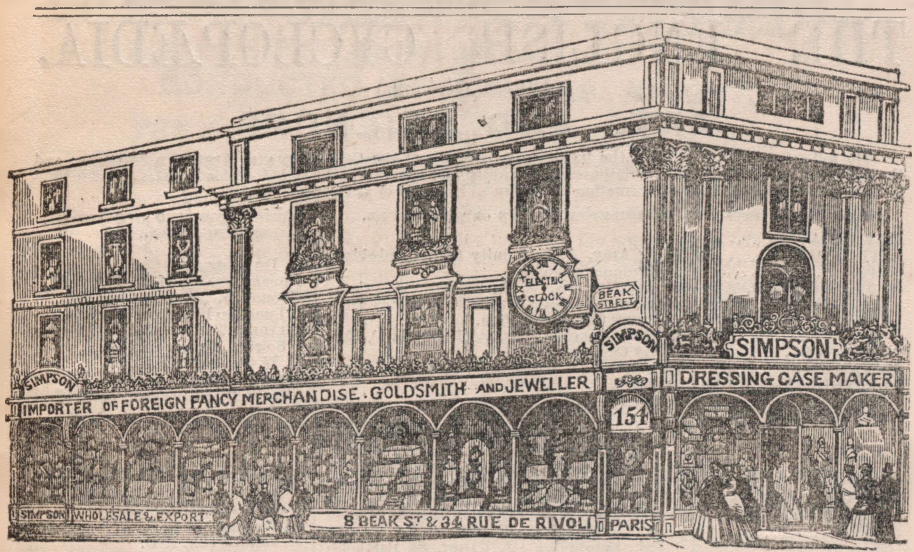

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are more than usually essential for preserving the Hair in its decorative charm, the Skin and Complexion transparent and blooming, and the Teeth in their pearl-like lustre.

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For the Skin and Complexion, is unequalled for its rare and inestimable qualities. The radiant bloom it imparts to the cheek, the softness and delicacy which it induces of the hands and arms, its capability of soothing irritation, and removing cutaneous defects, discolorations, and all unsightly appearances, render it indispensable to every Toilet.

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Or PEARL DENTIFRICE,

For Improving and Beautifying the Teeth, imparting a pearl-like whiteness, strengthening the Gums, and for rendering the Breath pure and fragrant.

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A SAFE AND CERTAIN REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, and other Affections of the Throat and Chest. In INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, and WINTER COUGH, they are unfailing. Being free from every hurtful ingredient, they may be taken by *the most delicate female or the youngest child*; while the PUBLIC SPEAKER and PROFESSIONAL SINGER will find them invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incidental to vocal exertion, and also a powerful auxiliary in the production of MELODIOUS ENUNCIATION.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIAL TO THE EFFICACY OF KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES IN RELIEVING PULMONARY AFFECTIONS.

Dawlish, Jan. 14, 1858.

SIR,—The very excellent properties of your Lozenges induce me to trouble you with another Testimonial on their behalf. All I can say is, that I have been more or less Consumptive for upwards of three years, and have tried a great number of lozenges to abate the Cough, but from none have I found such relief as from yours—even one of them will check the most violent attack. They are invaluable, and I strongly recommend them to persons suffering from a Cough or Cold on the Chest. Pray make any use of this you please if worth your while.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

To MR. KEATING. ABRAHAM TURNER.

RECENT TESTIMONIAL FROM A LADY.

25, *Bouverie Street, London, March* 31, 1858.

SIR,—I feel much pleasure in informing you of the great benefit I have received from your valuable Cough Lozenges. I have been in the habit of taking them when required, for some years, and can therefore speak confidently as to their efficacy, in my own case, never having found any other remedy for a cough of equal service.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

THOMAS KEATING, Esq. F. NELSON.

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TO BE ILLUSTRATED BY

LEECH, TENNIEL, MILLAIS, HABLOT K. BROWNE, C. KEENE, WOLF, &c., &c.

Will be Published every Saturday, price Threepence, by Bradbury & Evans. The First Number will appear on the 2nd of July, 1859.

THE forthcoming Miscellany will include several new features, and will, to some extent, have the pretensions of a novel experiment on the growing demand for cheap periodical Literature. It must shortly be tested by the capacities and opportunities of its Projectors to sustain their conception of its distinctive character. But, in the meantime, a summary statement may indicate, generally, its plan and objects.

In Literature, it will contain the usual chief elements which attract the majority of readers, viz :—a considerable proportion of Fiction, including serial tales by Novelists of celebrity, discussions of Social characteristics, History, Biography, Incidents of Travel, and Papers on contemporary or past transactions, in which a wide interest is taken, or which afford lively illustrations of character and manners. Occasional notices of Art, some varieties of Verse, selections from English and Foreign Literature, investigations of Natural History and descriptions of natural phenomena will be also admissible. But information on the popular aspects of Science and of new Inventions will be especially sought for, and it is confidently hoped, contributed by our most eminent discoverers and scientific authorities.

It is not easy to enumerate all the possible contents on account of their diversity; but stress may be laid generally on obvious resources in the modern department of Pictorial Illustration. These

are, to some extent, indicated by the names of the Artists already mentioned, and for the co-operation of whom Mr. JOHN LEECH undertakes all practical arrangements.

In Literature as in Art the best attainable productions are aimed at, subject to the condition that they must interest or amuse a wide public. It is believed that the names of the writers, who will have the option of signing their contributions, will be *primâ facie* proof that this object has been attained. The Projectors have received assurances of such valuable aid in this respect, that they might confidently rely on ascertained resources. At the same time they bear in mind the great diversity of capacities available for a publication so comprehensive in its scope; and therefore invite contributions from writers with whom they are unacquainted, and to whom they promise an open field and a liberal recompense for successful efforts. It should be observed that their Miscellany is neither a Newspaper nor a Review, and that they have therefore no obligation to support the views of any party or school; as a new combination they are free from the disabilities of clique, and are ready and even solicitous to enlist aspiring talents. On their part their arrangements are conveniently flexible. They require only that statements of facts should be thoroughly reliable, and that these and other materials should be set forth effectively and in good taste. To be scrupulously accurate without being tedious, to be popular without vulgarity, and pointed without affectation, is the standard they steadily set before them, and they will accept the co-operation of any writer who can contribute to its attainment.

It is superfluous to add that there appears to be ample scope for this project without trespassing on the province of any existing periodical. The Projectors seek only to sustain their own conception of the requisite standard of Popular Literature, under the impression that it has yet to be realised by themselves or others; and they expect popular support only in proportion to their success.

All Literary arrangements will be made by the Editor, who is to be addressed, for the present, through the Publishers, Messrs. BRADBURY & EVANS, at their Offices, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street. The Publishers will also receive Orders for the Miscellany itself; and a limited number of Advertisements for insertion in the Wrapper to be issued with it regularly "ONCE A WEEK."

MR. CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS LATE PUBLISHERS.

MESSRS. BRADBURY & EVANS are permitted to avail themselves of the present opportunity to explain the cessation of their connection with "Household Words," by which they are at liberty to take part in the establishment of "ONCE A WEEK." Their explanation only concerns themselves, and that only in reference to the close of their relations with Mr. Charles Dickens, as Editor or Conductor of the former work. Although the circumstances have been freely canvassed in various publications, Bradbury & Evans have themselves hitherto made no public statement on the subject; but they now feel that the time has come to break the silence they have maintained, and thus to protect themselves from further misconstruction.

Their connection with "Household Words" ceased *against their will*, under circumstances of which the following are material:

So far back as 1836 Bradbury & Evans had business relations with Mr. Dickens, and, in 1844, an agreement was entered into by which they acquired an interest in all the works he might write, or in any periodical he might originate during a term of seven years. Under this agreement Bradbury & Evans became possessed of a joint, though unequal, interest with Mr. Dickens in "Household Words," commenced in 1850. Friendly relations had simultaneously sprung up between them, and they were on terms of close intimacy in 1858, when circumstances led to Mr. Dickens's publication of a statement, on the subject of his conjugal differences, in various newspapers, including "Household Words" of June the 12th.

The public disclosure of these differences took most persons by surprise, and was notoriously the subject of comments, by no means complimentary to Mr. Dickens himself, as regarded the taste of this proceeding. On the 17th of June, however, Bradbury & Evans learnt, from a common friend, that Mr. Dickens had resolved to break off his connection with them, because this statement was not printed in the number of "Punch" published the day preceding—in other words, because it did not occur to Bradbury & Evans to exceed their legitimate functions as Proprietors and Publishers, and to require the insertion of statements on a domestic and painful subject in the inappropriate columns of a comic miscellany. No previous request for the insertion of this statement had been made either to Bradbury & Evans, or to the Editor of "Punch," and the grievance of Mr. Dickens substantially amounted to this, that Bradbury & Evans did not take upon themselves, unsolicited, to gratify an eccentric wish by a preposterous action.

Mr. Dickens, with ample time for reflection, persisted in the attitude he had taken up, and in the following November summoned a meeting of the Proprietors of "Household Words." He did not himself attend this meeting; but a literary friend of Mr. Dickens came to it as his representative, and announced there, officially, that Mr. Dickens, in consequence of the non-appearance in "Punch" of his statement, considered that Bradbury & Evans had shown such disrespect and want of good faith towards him, as to determine him, in so far as he had the power, to disconnect himself from them in business transactions; and the friend above mentioned, on the part of Mr. Dickens, accordingly moved a resolution dissolving the partnership, and discontinuing the work on May 28. Bradbury & Evans replied that they did not, and could not believe that this was the sole cause of Mr. Dickens's altered feeling towards them; but they were assured that it *was* the sole cause, and that Mr. Dickens desired to bear testimony to their integrity and zeal as his publishers, but that his resolution was formed, and nothing would alter it. Bradbury & Evans repeatedly pressed Mr. Dickens's friend upon this point, but with no other result.

Thus, on this ground alone, Mr. Dickens put an end to personal and business relations of long standing; and by an unauthorised and premature public announcement of the cessation of "Household Words," he forced Bradbury & Evans to an unwilling recourse to the Court of Chancery to restrain him from such proceedings, thereby injuring a valuable property, in which others besides himself were interested. In fact, by his mode of proceeding, he inflicted as much injury as his opportunities permitted. Not having succeeded in purchasing the share of his partners at his own price, he depreciated the value of this share by all the agencies at his command. By publicly announcing (so far as the Court of Chancery permitted) his intention to discontinue the publication of "Household Words;" by advertising a second work of a similar class under his management, by producing it, and by making it as close an imitation as was legally safe of "Household Words," while that publication was actually still issuing, and still conducted by him; he took a course calculated to reduce the circulation and impair the prospects of a common property; and if he inflicted this injury on his partners, it is no compensation to them that he simultaneously sacrificed his own interests in the publication he is about to suppress.

"Household Words" having been sold on the 16th inst. under a decree in Chancery, Bradbury & Evans have no further interest in its continuance, and are now free to make this personal statement, and to associate themselves in the establishment of "Once a Week."

May, 1859

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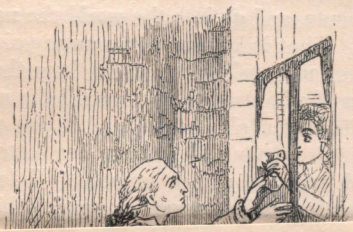
CHAPTER XXVIII.

INFORMS US HOW MR. WARRINGTON JUMPED INTO A LANDAU.



HE emotion at the first surprise and greeting over, the little maiden began at once.

"So you are come at last to ask after Theo, and you feel sorry that your neglect has made her so ill? For six weeks she has been unwell, and you have never

In consequence of an accident, the Plates for the present month will appear along with those of the ensuing number in July.

11, Bouverie Street

promise!" says Miss Hetty, shrugging her shoulders. "A very fine promise, indeed, to make my darling ill, and then suddenly, one fine day, to say, 'Good bye, Theo,' and walk away for ever. I suppose gentlemen make these promises, because they wish to keep 'em. *I* would'nt trifle with a poor child's heart, and leave her afterwards, if I were a man. What has she ever done to you, but be a fool and too fond of you? Pray, sir, by what right do you take her away from all of us, and then desert her, because an old woman in America don't approve of her? She was happy with us before you came. She loved her sister—there never was such a sister—until she saw you. And now, because your Mamma thinks her young gentleman might do better, you must leave her forsooth!"

"Great powers, child!" I cried, exasperated at this wrong-headedness. "Was it I that drew back? Is it not I that am forbidden your house; and did not your father require, on my honour, that I should not see her?"

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"So you are come at last to ask after Theo, and you feel sorry that your neglect has made her so ill? For six weeks she has been unwell, and you have never asked a word about her! Very kind of you, Mr. George, I'm sure!"

"Kind!" gasps out Mr. Warrington.

"I suppose you call it kind to be with her every day and all day for a year, and then to leave her without a word."

"My dear, you know my promise to your father?" I reply.

"Promise!" says Miss Hetty, shrugging her shoulders. "A very fine promise, indeed, to make my darling ill, and then suddenly, one fine day, to say, 'Good bye, Theo,' and walk away for ever. I suppose gentlemen make these promises, because they wish to keep 'em. *I* would'nt trifle with a poor child's heart, and leave her afterwards, if I were a man. What has she ever done to you, but be a fool and too fond of you? Pray, sir, by what right do you take her away from all of us, and then desert her, because an old woman in America don't approve of her? She was happy with us before you came. She loved her sister—there never was such a sister—until she saw you. And now, because your Mamma thinks her young gentleman might do better, you must leave her forsooth!"

"Great powers, child!" I cried, exasperated at this wrong-headedness. "Was it I that drew back? Is it not I that am forbidden your house; and did not your father require, on my honour, that I should not see her?"

"Honour! And you are the men who pretend to be our superiors; and it is we who are to respect you and admire you! I declare, George Warrington, you ought to go back to your schoolroom in Virginia again; have your black nurse to tuck you up in bed, and ask leave from your Mamma when you might walk out. O George! I little thought that my sister was giving her heart away to a man who hadn't the spirit to stand by her; but, at the first difficulty, left her! When Doctor Heberden said he was attending you, I determined to come and see you, and you do look very ill, that I am glad to see; and I suppose it's your mother you are frightened of. But I sha'n't tell Theo that you are unwell. *She* hasn't left off caring for you. *She* can't walk out of a room, break her solemn engagements, and go into the world the next day as if nothing had happened! That is left for men, our superiors in courage and wisdom; and to desert an angel—yes, an angel ten thousand times too good for you; an angel who used to love me till she saw you, and who was the blessing of life and of all of us—is what you call honour? Don't tell me, sir! I despise you all! You are our betters, are you? We are to worship and wait on you, I suppose? *I* don't care about your wit, and your tragedies, and your verses; and I think they are often very stupid. *I* won't set up of nights copying your manuscripts, nor watch hour after hour at a window wasting my time and neglecting everybody because I want to see your worship walk down the street with your hat cocked! If you are going away, and welcome, give me back my sister, I say! Give me back my darling of old days, who loved every one of us, 'till she saw you. And you leave her because your Mamma thinks she can find somebody richer for you! O you brave gentleman! Go and marry the person your mother chooses, and let my dear die here deserted!"

"Great Heavens, Hetty!" I cry, amazed at the logic of the little woman. "Is it I who wish to leave your sister? Did I not offer to keep my promise, and was it not your father who refused me, and made me promise never to try and see her again? What have I but my word, and my honour?"

"Honour, indeed! You keep your word to him, and you break it to her! Pretty honour! If I were a man, I would soon let you know what I thought of your honour! Only I forgot—you are bound to keep the peace and mustn't . . . . O, George, George! Don't you see the grief I am in? I am distracted, and scarce know what I say. You must not leave my darling. They don't know it at-home. They don't think so: but I know her best of all, and she will die if you leave her. Say you won't? Have pity upon me, Mr. Warrington, and give me my dearest back!" Thus the warm-hearted, distracted creature ran from anger to entreaty, from scorn to tears. Was my little Doctor right in thus speaking of the case of her dear patient? Was there no other remedy than that which Hetty cried for? Have not others felt the same cruel pain of amputation, undergone the same exhaustion and fever afterwards, lain hopeless of anything save death, and yet recovered after all, and limped

through life subsequently? Why, but that love is selfish, and does not heed other people's griefs and passions, or that ours was so intense and special that we deemed no other lovers could suffer like ourselves;—here in the passionate young pleader for her sister, we might have shown an instance, that a fond heart could be stricken with the love malady and silently suffer it, live under it, recover from it. What had happened in Hetty's own case? Her sister and I, in our easy triumph and fond confidential prattle, had many a time talked over that matter, and, egotists as we were, perhaps drawn a secret zest and security out of her less unfortunate attachment. 'Twas like sitting by the fireside, and hearing the winter howling without; 'twas like walking by the *mari magno*, and seeing the ship tossing at sea. We clung to each other only the more closely, and, wrapped in our own happiness, viewed other's misfortunes with complacent pity. Be the truth as it may. Grant that we might have been sundered, and after a while survived the separation, so much my sceptical old age may be disposed to admit. Yet, at that time, I was eager enough to share my ardent little Hetty's terrors and apprehensions, and willingly chose to believe that the life dearest to me in the world would be sacrificed if separated from mine. Was I wrong? I would not say as much now. I may doubt about myself (or not doubt, I know), but of her never; and Hetty found in her quite a willing sharer in her alarms and terrors. I was for imparting some of these to our doctor; but the good gentleman shut my mouth. "Hush," says he, with a comical look of fright. "I must hear none of this. If two people who happen to know each other, chance to meet and talk in my patient's room, I cannot help myself; but as for match-making and love-making, I am your humble servant! What will the General do when he comes back to town? He will have me behind Montague House, as sure as I am a live doctor, and alive I wish to remain, my good sir!" And he skips into his carriage, and leaves me there meditating. "And you and Miss Hetty must have no meetings here again, mind you that," he had said previously.

O no! Of course we would have none! We are gentlemen of honour, and so forth, and our word is our word. Besides, to have seen Hetty, was not that an inestimable boon, and would we not be for ever grateful? I am so refreshed with that *drop of water* I have had, that I think I can hold out for ever so long a time now. I walk away with Hetty to Soho, and never once thought of arranging a new meeting with her. But the little emissary was more thoughtful, and she asks me whether I go to the Museum now to read? And I say, "O yes, sometimes, my dear; but I am too wretched for reading now; I cannot see what is on the paper. I do not care about my books. Even Pocahontas is wearisome to me. I . . ." I might have continued ever so much farther, when, "Nonsense!" she says, stamping her little foot. "Why, I declare, George, you are more stupid than Harry!"

"How do you mean, my dear child?" I ask.

"When do you go? You go away at three o'clock. You strike

across on the road to Tottenham Court. You walk through the village, and return by the Green Lane that leads back towards the new hospital. You know you do! If you walk for a week there, it can't do you any harm. Good morning, sir! You'll please not follow me any further." And she drops me a curtsey, and walks away with a veil over her face.

That Green Lane, which lay to the north of the new hospital, is built all over with houses now. In *my* time, when good old George II. was yet king, 'twas a shabby rural outlet of London; so dangerous, that the city folks who went to their villas and junketing houses at Hampstead and the outlying villages, would return in parties of nights, and escorted by waiters with lanthorns, to defend them from the foot-pads who prowled about the town outskirts. Hampstead and Highgate churches, each crowning its hill, filled up the back ground of the view which you saw as you turned your back to London; and one, two, three days Mr. George Warrington had the pleasure of looking upon this landscape, and walking back in the direction of the new hospital. Along the lane were sundry small houses of entertainment; and I remember at one place, where they sold cakes and beer, at the sign of the "Protestant Hero," a decent woman smiling at me on the third or fourth day, and curtseying in her clean apron, as she says, "It appears the lady don't come, sir! Your honour had best step in, and take a can of my cool beer."

At length, as I am coming back through Tottenham Road, on the 25th of May—O day to be marked with the whitest stone!—a little way beyond Mr. Whitfield's Tabernacle, I see a landau before me, and on the box-seat by the driver is my young friend Charley, who waves his hat to me, and calls out, "George! George!" I ran up to the carriage, my knees knocking together so that I thought I should fall by the wheel; and inside I see Hetty, and by her my dearest Theo, propped with a pillow. How thin the little hand had become since last it was laid in mine! The cheeks were flushed and wasted, the eyes strangely bright, and the thrill of the voice when she spoke a word or two, smote me with a pang, I know not of grief or joy was it, so intimately were they blended.

"I am taking her an airing to Hampstead," says Hetty, demurely. "The doctor says the air will do her good."

"I have been ill, but I am better now, George," says Theo. There came a great burst of music from the people in the chapel hard by, as she was speaking. I held her hand in mine. Her eyes were looking into mine once more. It seemed as if we had never been parted.

I can never forget the tune of that psalm. I have heard it all through my life. My wife has touched it on her harpsichord, and her little ones have warbled it. Now, do you understand, young people, why I love it so? Because 'twas the music played at our *amoris redintegratio*. Because it sang hope to me, at the period of my existence the most miserable. Yes, the most miserable: for that

dreary confinement of Duquesne had its tendernesses and kindly associations connected with it; and many a time in after days I have thought with fondness of the poor Biche and my tipsy gaoler; and the reveillee of the forest birds and the military music of my prison.

Master Charley looks down from his box-seat upon his sister and me engaged in beatific contemplation, and Hetty listening too, to the music. "I think I should like to go and hear it. And that famous Mr. Whitfield, perhaps he is going to preach this very day! Come in with me, Charley—and George can drive for half an hour with dear Theo towards Hampstead and back."

Charley did not seem to have any very strong desire for witnessing the devotional exercises of good Mr. Whitfield and his congregation, and proposed that George Warrington should take Hetty in; but Het was not to be denied. "I will never help you in another exercise as long as you live, sir," cries Miss Hetty, "if you don't come on," —while the youth clambered down from his box-seat, and they entered the temple together.

Can any moralist, bearing my previous promises in mind, excuse me for jumping into the carriage and sitting down once more by my dearest Theo? Suppose I did break 'em? Will he blame me much? Reverend sir, you are welcome. I broke my promise; and if you would not do as much, good friend, you are welcome to your virtue. Not that I for a moment suspect my own children will ever be so bold as to think of having hearts of their own, and bestowing them according to their liking. No, my young people, you will let papa choose for you; be hungry when he tells you; be thirsty when he orders; and settle your children's marriages afterwards.

And now, of course you are anxious to hear what took place when Papa jumped into the landau by the side of poor little Mamma, propped up by her pillows. "I am come to your part of the story, my dear," says I, looking over to my wife as she is plying her needles.

"To what, pray?" says my lady. "You should skip all that part, and come to the grand battles, and your heroic defence of——"

"Of Fort Fiddledeedee in the year 1778, when I pulled off Mr. Washington's epaulet, gouged General Gates's eye, cut off Charles Lee's head, and pasted it on again!"

"Let us hear all about the fighting," say the boys. Even the Captain condescends to own he will listen to any military details, though only from a militia officer.

"Fair and softly, young people! Everything in its turn. I am not yet arrived at the war. I am only a young gentleman, just stepping into a landau, by the side of a young lady whom I promised to avoid. I am taking her hand, which, after a little ado, she leaves in mine. Do you remember how hot it was, the little thing, how it trembled, and how it throbbed and jumped a hundred and twenty in a minute? And as we trot on towards Hampstead, I address Miss Lambert in the following terms——"

"Ah, ah, ah!" say the girls in a chorus with Mademoiselle, their French governess, who cries, "*Nous écoutons maintenant. La parole est à vous, Monsieur le Chevalier!*"

Here we have them all in a circle. Mamma is at her side of the fire, Papa at his; Mademoiselle Eléonore, at whom the Captain looks rather sweetly (eyes off, Captain!); the two girls, listening like—like *nymphas discentes* to Apollo, let us say; and John and Tummas (with obtuse ears), who are bringing in the tea-trays and urns.

"Very good," says the Squire, pulling out the MS., and waving it before him. "We are going to tell your mother's secrets and mine."

"I am sure you may, Papa," cries the house matron. "There's nothing to be ashamed of." And a blush rises over her kind face.

"But before I begin, young folks, permit me two or three questions."

"*Allons, toujours des questions!*" says Mademoiselle, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders. (Florac has recommended her to us, and I suspect the little Chevalier has himself an eye upon this pretty Mademoiselle de Blois.)

To the questions, then.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AND HOW EVERYBODY GOT OUT AGAIN.

you, Captain Miles Warrington, have the honour of winning the good graces of a lady—of ever so many ladies—of the Duchess of Devonshire, let us say, of Mrs. Crew, of Mrs. Fitzherbert, of the Queen of Prussia, of the Goddess Venus, of Mademoiselle Hillisberg of the Opera—never mind of whom, in fine. If you win a lady's good graces, do you always go to the mess and tell what happened?"

"Not such a fool, Squire!" says the Captain, surveying his side-curl in the glass.

"Have you, Miss Theo, told your mother every word you said to Mr. Joe Blake, Junior, in the shrubbery this morning?"

"Joe Blake, indeed!" cries Theo Junior.

"And you, Mademoiselle? That scented billet which came to you under Sir Thomas's frank, have you told us all the letter contains? Look how she blushes! As red as the curtain, on my word! No, Mademoiselle, we all have our secrets" (says the Squire, here making his best French bow). "No, Theo, there was nothing in the shrubbery—only nuts, my child! No, Miles, my son, we don't tell all, even to the most indulgent of fathers—and, if I tell what happened in a landau on the Hampstead Road, on the 25th of May, 1760, may the Chevalier Ruspini pull out every tooth in my head!"

"Pray tell, Papa!" cries Mamma; "or, as Jobson who drove us, is in your service now, perhaps you will have him in from the stables! I insist upon your telling!"

"What is, then, this mystery?" asks Mademoiselle, in her pretty French accent, of my wife.

"*Eh, ma fille!*" whispers the lady. "Thou would'st ask me what I said? I said 'Yes!'—behold all I said." And so 'tis my wife has peached, and not I; and this was the sum of our conversation, as the carriage, all too swiftly as I thought, galloped towards Hampstead, and flew back again. Theo had not agreed to fly in the face of her honoured parents—no such thing. But we would marry no other person; no, not if we lived to be as old as Methuselah; no, not the Prince of Wales himself would she take. Her heart she had given away with her Papa's consent—nay, order—it was not hers to resume. So kind a father must relent one of these days; and, if George would keep his promise—were it now, or were it in twenty years, or were it in another world, she knew she should never break hers.

Hetty's face beamed with delight when, my little interview over, she saw Theo's countenance wearing a sweet tranquillity. All the doctor's medicine has not done her so much good, the fond sister said. The girls went home after their act of disobedience. I gave up the place which I had held during a brief period of happiness by my dear invalid's side. Hetty skipped back into her seat, and Charley on to his box. He told me, in after days, that it was a very dull, stupid sermon he had heard. The little chap was too orthodox to love dissenting preachers' sermons.

Hetty was not the only one of the family who remarked her sister's altered countenance and improved spirits. I am told that on the girls' return home, their mother embraced both of them, especially the invalid, with more than common ardour of affection. "There was nothing like a country ride," Aunt Lambert said, "for doing her dear Theo good. She had been on the road to Hampstead, had she? She must have another ride to-morrow. Heaven be blessed, my Lord Wrotham's horses were at their orders three or four times a-week, and the sweet child might have the advantage of them! As for the idea that Mr. Warrington might have happened to meet the children on their drive, Aunt Lambert never once entertained it,—at least spoke of it. I leave anybody who is interested in the matter to guess whether Mrs. Lambert could by any possibility have supposed that her daughter and her sweetheart could ever have come together again. Do women help each other in love perplexities? Do women scheme, intrigue, make little plans, tell little fibs, provide little amorous opportunities, hang up the rope-ladder, coax, wheedle, mystify the guardian or Abigail, and turn their attention away while Strephon and Chloe are billing and cooing in the twilight, or whisking off in the post-chaise to Gretna Green? My dear young folks, some people there are of this nature; and some kind souls who have loved tenderly and truly in their own time, continue ever after to be kindly and tenderly disposed towards their young successors, when they begin to play the same pretty game.

"Miss Prim doesn't. If *she* hears of two young persons attached to each other, it is to snarl at them for fools, or to imagine of them all conceivable evil. Because she has a hump-back herself, she is for biting everybody else's. I believe if she saw a pair of turtles cooing in a wood, she would turn her eyes down, or fling a stone to frighten them; but I am speaking, you see, young ladies, of your grandmother, Aunt Lambert, who was one great syllabub of human kindness; and, besides, about the affair at present under discussion, how am I ever to tell whether she knew anything regarding it or not?"

So, all she says to Theo on her return home, is, "My child, the country air has done you all the good in the world. and I hope you will take another drive to-morrow, and another, and another, and so on."

"Don't you think, papa, the ride has done the child most wonderful good, and must not she be made to go out in the air?" Aunt Lambert asks of the General, when he comes in for supper.

"Yes, sure, if a coach and six will do his little Theo good, she shall have it," Lambert says, "or he will drag the landau up Hampstead Hill himself, if there are no horses," and so the good man would have spent freely, his guineas, or his breath, or his blood, to give his child pleasure. He was charmed at his girl's altered countenance; she picked a bit of chicken with appetite: she drank a little negus, which he made for her: indeed it did seem to be better than the kind doctor's best medicine, which hitherto, God wot, had been of little benefit. Mamma was gracious and happy. Hetty was radiant and rident. It was quite like an evening at home at Oakhurst. Never for months past, never since that fatal, cruel day, that no one spoke of, had they spent an evening so delightful.

But, if the other women chose to coax and cajole the good, simple father, Theo herself was too honest to continue for long even that sweet and fond delusion. When, for the third or fourth time, he comes back to the delightful theme of his daughter's improved health, and asks "What has done it? Is it the country air? is it the Jesuit's bark? is it the new medicine?"

"Can't you think, dear, what it is?" she says, laying a hand upon her father's, with a tremor in her voice, perhaps, but eyes that are quite open and bright.

"And what is it, my child?" asks the General.

"It is because I have seen him again, Papa!" she says.

The other two women turned pale, and Theo's heart too begins to palpitate, and her cheek to whiten, as she continues to look in her father's scared face.

"It was not wrong to see him," she continues, more quickly; "it would have been wrong not to tell you."

"Great God!" groans the father, drawing his hand back, and with such a dreadful grief in his countenance, that Hetty runs to her almost swooning sister, clasps her to her heart, and cries out, rapidly, "Theo knew nothing of it, sir! It was my doing—it was all my doing!"

Theo lies on her sister's neck, and kisses it twenty, fifty times.

"Women, women! are you playing with my honour?" cries the father, bursting out with a fierce exclamation.

Aunt Lambert sobs, wildly, "Martin! Martin!" "Don't say a word to her!" again calls out Hetty, and falls back herself staggering towards the wall, for Theo has fainted on her shoulder.

I was taking my breakfast next morning, with what appetite I might, when my door opens, and my faithful black announces, "General Lambert." At once I saw, by the General's face, that the yesterday's transaction was known to him. "Your accomplices did not confess," the General said, as soon as my servant had left us, "but sided with you against their father—a proof how desirable clandestine meetings are. It was from Theo herself I heard that she had seen you."

"Accomplices, sir!" I said (perhaps not unwilling to turn the conversation from the real point at issue). "You know how fondly and dutifully your young people regard their father. If they side against you in this instance, it must be because justice is against you. A man like you is not going to set up *sic volo sic jubeo* as the sole law in his family!"

"Psha! George," cries the General. "For though we are parted, God forbid I should desire that we should cease to love each other. I had your promise that you would not seek to see her."

"Nor did I go to her, sir," I said, turning red, no doubt; for though this was truth, I own it was untrue.

"You mean she was brought to you?" says Theo's father, in great agitation. "Is it behind Hester's petticoat that you will shelter yourself? What a fine defence for a gentleman!"

"Well, I won't screen myself behind the poor child," I replied. "To speak as I did was to make an attempt at evasion, and I am ill-accustomed to dissemble. I did not infringe the letter of my agreement, but I acted against the spirit of it. From this moment I annul it altogether."

"You break your word given to me!" cries Mr. Lambert.

"I recal a hasty promise made on a sudden at a moment of extreme excitement and perturbation. No man can be for ever bound by words uttered at such a time; and, what is more, no man of honour or humanity, Mr. Lambert, would try to bind him."

"Dishonour to *me!* sir," exclaims the General.

"Yes, if the phrase is to be shuttlecocked between us!" I answered, hotly. "There can be no question about love, or mutual regard, or difference of age, when that word is used: and were you my own father—and I love you better than a father, Uncle Lambert,—I would not bear it! What have I done? I have seen the woman whom I consider my wife before God and man, and if she calls me I will see her again. If she comes to me, here is my home for her, and the half of the little I have. 'Tis you, who have no right, having made me the gift, to resume it. Because my mother taunts you unjustly,

are you to visit Mrs. Esmond's wrong upon this tender, innocent creature? You profess to love your daughter, and you can't bear a little wounded pride for her sake. Better she should perish away in misery, than an old woman in Virginia should say that Mr. Lambert had schemed to marry one of his daughters. Say that to satisfy what you call honour and I call selfishness, we part, we break our hearts well nigh, we rally, we try to forget each other, we marry elsewhere? Can any man be to my dear as I have been? God forbid! Can any woman be to me what she is? You shall marry her to the Prince of Wales to-morrow, and it is a cowardice and treason. How can we, how can you, undo the promises we have made to each other before Heaven? You may part us: and she will die as surely as if she were Jephthah's daughter. Have you made any vow to Heaven to compass her murder? Kill her if you conceive your promise so binds you: but this I swear, that I am glad you have come, so that I may here formally recal a hasty pledge which I gave, and that, call me when she will, I will come to her!

No doubt this speech was made with the flurry and agitation belonging to Mr. Warrington's youth, and with the firm conviction that death would infallibly carry off one or both of the parties, in case their worldly separation was inevitably decreed. Who does not believe his first passion eternal? Having watched the world since, and seen the rise, progress, and—alas, that I must say it!—decay of other amours, I may smile now as I think of my own youthful errors and ardours; but, if it be a superstition, I had rather hold it; I had rather think that neither of us could have lived with any other mate, and that, of all its innumerable creatures, Heaven decreed these special two should be joined together.

"We must come, then, to what I had fain have spared myself," says the General, in reply to my outbreak; "to an unfriendly separation. When I meet you, Mr. Warrington, I must know you no more. I must order—and they will not do other than obey me—my family and children not to recognise you when they see you, since you will not recognise in your intercourse with me the respect due to my age, the courtesy of gentlemen. I had hoped so far from your sense of honour, and the idea I had formed of you, that, in my present great grief and perplexity, I should have found you willing to soothe and help me as far as you might—for, God knows, I have need of everybody's sympathy. But, instead of help, you fling obstacles in my way. Instead of a friend—a gracious Heaven pardon me!—I find in you an enemy! An enemy to the peace of my home and the honour of my children, sir! And as such I shall treat you, and know how to deal with you, when you molest me!"

And, waving his hand to me, and putting on his hat, Mr. Lambert hastily quitted my apartment.

I was confounded, and believed, indeed, there was war between us. The brief happiness of yesterday was clouded over and gone, and I

thought that never since the day of the first separation had I felt so exquisitely unhappy as now, when the bitterness of quarrel was added to the pangs of parting, and I stood not only alone but friendless. In the course of one year's constant intimacy I had come to regard Lambert with a reverence and affection which I had never before felt for any mortal man except my dearest Harry. That his face should be turned from me in anger was as if the sun had gone out of my sphere, and all was dark around me. And yet I felt sure that in withdrawing the hasty promise I had made not to see Theo, I was acting rightly—that my fidelity to her, as hers now to me, was paramount to all other ties of duty or obedience, and that, ceremony or none, I was hers, first and before all. Promises were passed between us, from which no parent could absolve either; and all the priests in Christendom could no more than attest and confirm the sacred contract which had tacitly been ratified between us.

I saw Jack Lambert by chance that day, as I went mechanically to my not unusual haunt, the library of the new Museum; and with the impetuousness of youth, and eager to impart my sorrow to some one, I took him out of the room and led him about the gardens, and poured out my grief to him. I did not much care for Jack (who in truth was somewhat of a prig, and not a little pompous and wearisome with his Latin quotations) except in the time of my own sorrow, when I would fasten upon him or any one; and having suffered himself in his affair with the little American, being *haud ignarus mali* (as I knew he would say), I found the college gentleman ready to compassionate another's misery. I told him, what has here been represented at greater length, of my yesterday's meeting with his sister; of my interview with his father in the morning; of my determination at all hazards never to part with Theo. When I found from the various quotations from the Greek and Latin authors which he uttered that he leaned to my side in the dispute, I thought him a man of great sense, clung eagerly to his elbow, and bestowed upon him much more affection than he was accustomed at other times to have from me. I walked with him up to his father's lodgings in Dean Street; saw him enter at the dear door; surveyed the house from without with a sickening desire to know from its exterior appearance how my beloved fared within; and called for a bottle at the coffee-house where I waited Jack's return. I called him Brother when I sent him away. I fondled him as the condemned wretch at Newgate hangs about the jailer or the parson, or any one who is kind to him in his misery. I drank a whole bottle of wine at the coffee-house—by the way, Jack's Coffee House was its name—called another. I thought Jack would never come back.

He appeared at length with rather a scared face; and, coming to my box, poured out for himself two or three bumpers from my second bottle, and then fell to his story, which, to me at least, was not a little interesting. My poor Theo was keeping her room, it appeared, being

much agitated by the occurrences of yesterday; and Jack had come home in time to find dinner on table; after which his good father held forth upon the occurrences of the morning, being anxious and able to speak more freely, he said, because his eldest son was present and Theodosia was not in the room. The General stated what had happened at my lodgings between me and him. He bade Hester be silent, who indeed was as dumb as a mouse, poor thing! he told Aunt Lambert (who was indulging in that madefaction of pocket-handkerchiefs which I have before described), and with something like an imprecation, that the women were all against him, and pimps (he called them) for one another; and frantically turning round to Jack, asked what was his view in the matter?

To his father's surprise and his mother's and sister's delight Jack made a speech on my side. He ruled with me (citing what ancient authorities I don't know), that the matter had gone out of the hands of the parents on either side; that having given their consent, some months previously, the elders had put themselves out of court. Though he did not hold with a great, a respectable, he might say a host of divines, those sacramental views of the marriage-ceremony — for which there was a great deal to be said — yet he held it, if possible, even more sacredly than they; conceiving that though marriages were made before the civil magistrate, and without the priest, yet they were, before Heaven, binding and indissoluble.

"It is not merely, sir," says Jack, turning to his father, "those whom I, John Lambert, Priest, have joined, let no man put asunder: it is those whom *God* has joined let no man separate." (Here he took off his hat, as he told the story to me.) "My views are clear upon the point, and surely these young people were joined, or permitted to plight themselves to each other by the consent of you, the priest of your own family. My views, I say, are clear, and I will lay them down at length in a series of two or three discourses which, no doubt, will satisfy you. Upon which," says Jack, "my father said, 'I am satisfied already, my dear boy,' and my lively little Het (who has much harshness) whispers to me, 'Jack, mother and I will make you a dozen shirts, as sure as eggs is eggs.'

"Whilst we were talking," Mr. Lambert resumed, "my sister, Theodosia, made her appearance, I must say very much agitated and pale, kissed our father, and sate down at his side, and took a sippet of toast — (my dear George, this Port is excellent, and I drink your health) — and took a sippet of toast and dipped it in his negus.

"'You should have been here to hear Jack's sermon!' says Hester. 'He has been preaching most beautifully.'

"'Has he?' asks Theodosia, who is too languid and weak, poor thing, much to care for the exercises of eloquence, or the display of authorities, such as I must own," says Jack, "it was given to me this afternoon to bring forward.

"'He has talked for three quarters of an hour by Shrewsbury clock,'

says my father, though I certainly had not talked so long or half so long *by my own watch*. 'And his discourse has been you, my dear,' says Papa, playing with Theodosia's hand.

"'Me, Papa?'

"'You and—and Mr. Warrington—and—and George, my love,' says Papa. Upon which" (says Mr. Jack) "my sister came closer to the General, and laid her head upon him, and wept upon his shoulder.

"'This is different, sir,' says I, 'to a passage I remember in Pausanias.'

"'In Pausanias? Indeed!' said the General. 'And pray who was he?'

"I smiled at my father's simplicity in exposing his ignorance before his children. 'When Ulysses was taking away Penelope from her father, the king hastened after his daughter and bridegroom, and besought his darling to return. Whereupon, it is related, Ulysses offered her her choice,—whether she would return, or go on with him? Upon which the daughter of Icarius covered her face with her veil. For want of a veil my sister has taken refuge in your waistcoat, sir,' I said, and we all laughed; though my mother vowed that if such a proposal had been made to *her*, or Penelope had been a girl of spirit, she would have gone home with her father that instant.

"'But I am not a girl of any spirit, dear mother!' says Theodosia, still *in gremio patris*. I do not remember that this habit of caressing was frequent in my own youth," continues Jack. "But after some more discourse, Brother Warrington! bethought me of you, and left my parents insisting upon Theodosia returning to bed. The late transactions have, it appears, weakened and agitated her much. I myself have experienced, in my own case, how full of *solliciti timoris* is a certain passion; how it racks the spirits; and I make no doubt, if carried far enough, or indulged to the extent to which women who have little philosophy will permit it to go—I make no doubt, I say, is ultimately injurious to the health. My service to you, brother!"

From grief to hope, how rapid the change was! What a flood of happiness poured into my soul, and glowed in my whole being! Landlord, more port! Would honest Jack have drunk a bin full I would have treated him; and, to say truth, Jack's sympathy was large in this case, and it had been generous all day. I decline to score the bottles of port: and place to the fabulous computations of interested waiters, the amount scored against me in the reckoning. Jack was my dearest, best of brothers. My friendship for him I swore should be eternal. If I could do him any service, were it a bishopric, by George! he should have it. He says I was interrupted by the watchman rhapsodising verses beneath the loved one's window. I know not. I know I awoke joyfully and rapturously, in spite of a racking head-ache the next morning.

Nor did I know the extent of my happiness quite, or the entire conversion of my dear noble enemy of the previous morning. It must

have been galling to the pride of an elder man to have to yield to representations and objections couched in language so little dutiful as that I had used towards Mr. Lambert. But the true Christian gentleman, retiring from his talk with me, mortified and wounded by my asperity of remonstrance, as well as by the pain which he saw his beloved daughter suffer, went thoughtfully and sadly to his business, as he subsequently told me, and in the afternoon (as his custom not unfrequently was), into a church which was open for prayers. And it was here, on his knees, submitting his case in the quarter whither he frequently, though privately, came for guidance and comfort, that it seemed to him that his child was right in her persistent fidelity to me, and himself wrong in demanding her utter submission. Hence Jack's cause was won almost before he began to plead it; and the brave, gentle heart, which could bear no rancour, which bled at inflicting pain on those it loved, which even shrank from asserting authority or demanding submission, was only too glad to return to its natural pulses of love and affection.

CHAPTER XXX.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

IN examining the old papers at home, years afterwards, I found, docketted and labelled with my mother's well-known neat handwriting, "From London, April, 1760. My son's dreadful letter." When it came to be mine I burnt the document, not choosing that that story of domestic grief and disunion should remain amongst our family annals for future Warringtons to gaze on, mayhap, and disobedient sons to hold up as examples of foregone domestic rebellions. For similar reasons, I have destroyed the paper which my mother despatched to me at this time of tyranny, revolt, annoyance, and irritation.

Maddened by the pangs of separation from my mistress, and not unrightly considering that Mrs. Esmond was the prime cause of the greatest grief and misery which had ever befallen me in the world, I wrote home to Virginia a letter, which might have been more temperate, it is true, but in which I endeavoured to maintain the extremest respect and reticence. I said I did not know by what motives she had been influenced, but that I held her answerable for the misery of my future life, which she had chosen wilfully to mar and render wretched. She had occasioned a separation between me and a virtuous and innocent young creature, whose own hopes, health, and happiness were cast down for ever by Mrs. Esmond's interference. The deed was

done, as I feared, and I would offer no comment upon the conduct of the perpetrator, who was answerable to God alone; but I did not disguise from my mother that the injury which she had done me was so dreadful and mortal, that her life or mine could never repair it; that the tie of my allegiance was broken towards her, and that I never could be, as heretofore, her dutiful and respectful son.

Madam Esmond replied to me in a letter of very great dignity (her style and correspondence were extraordinarily elegant and fine). She uttered not a single reproach or hard word, but coldly gave me to understand that it was before that awful tribunal of God she had referred the case between us, and asked for counsel; that, in respect of her own conduct, as a mother, she was ready, in all humility, to face it. Might I, as a son, be equally able to answer for myself, and to show, when the Great Judge demanded the question of me, whether I had done my own duty, and honoured my father and mother! *O popoi*, my grandfather has quoted in his memoir a line of Homer, showing how in our troubles and griefs the gods are always called in question. When our pride, our avarice, our interest, our desire to domineer, are worked upon, are we not for ever pestering Heaven to decide in their favour? In our great American quarrel, did we not on both sides appeal to the skies as to the justice of our causes, sing *Te Deum* for victory, and boldly express our confidence that the right should prevail? Was America right because she was victorious? Then I suppose Poland was wrong because she was defeated?—How am I wandering into this digression about Poland, America, and what not, and all the while thinking of a little woman now no more, who appealed to Heaven and confronted it with a thousand texts out of its own book, because her son wanted to make a marriage not of her liking! We appeal, we imprecate, we go down on our knees, we demand blessings, we shriek out for sentence according to law; the great course of the great world moves on; we pant, and strive, and struggle; we hate; we rage; we weep passionate tears; we reconcile; we race and win; we race and lose; we pass away, and other little strugglers succeed; our days are spent; our night comes, and another morning rises, which shines on us no more.

My letter to Madam Esmond, announcing my revolt and disobedience (perhaps I myself was a little proud of the composition of that document), I showed in duplicate to Mr. Lambert, because I wished him to understand what my relations to my mother were, and how I was determined, whatever of threats or quarrels the future might bring, never for my own part to consider my separation from Theo as other than a forced one. Whenever I could see her again I would. My word given to her was *in secula seculorum*, or binding at least as long as my life should endure. I implied that the girl was similarly bound to me, and her poor father knew indeed as much. He might separate us; as he might give her a dose of poison, and the gentle, obedient creature would take it and die; but the death or

separation would be his doing: let him answer them. Now he was tender about his children to weakness, and could not have the heart to submit any one of them—this one especially—to torture. We had tried to part: we could not. He had endeavoured to separate us: it was more than was in his power. The bars were up, but the young couple—the maid within and the knight without—were loving each other all the same. The wall was built, but Pyramus and Thisbe were whispering on either side. In the midst of all his grief and perplexity, Uncle Lambert had plenty of humour, and could not but see that his *rôle* was rather a sorry one. Light was beginning to show through that lime and rough plaster of the wall: the lovers were getting their hands through, then their heads through—indeed, it was wall's best business to retire.

I forget what happened stage by stage and day by day; nor, for the instruction of future ages, does it much matter. When my descendants have love scrapes of their own, they will find their own means of getting out of them. I believe I did not go back to Dean Street, but that practice of driving in the open air was considered most healthful for Miss Lambert. I got a fine horse, and rode by the side of her carriage. The old woman at Tottenham Court came to know both of us quite well, and nod and wink in the most friendly manner when we passed by. I fancy the old Goody was not unaccustomed to interest herself in young couples, and has dispensed the hospitality of her roadside cottage to more than one pair.

The doctor and the country air effected a prodigious cure upon Miss Lambert. Hetty always attended as duenna, and sometimes of his holiday, Master Charley rode my horse when I got into the carriage. What a deal of love-making Miss Hetty heard!—with what exemplary patience she listened to it! I do not say she went to hear the Methodist sermons any more, but 'tis certain that when we had a closed carriage she would very kindly and considerately look out of the window. Then, what heaps of letters there were!—what running to and fro! Gumbo's bandy legs were for ever on the trot from my quarters to Dean Street; and, on my account or her own, Mrs. Molly, the girl's maid, was for ever bringing back answers to Bloomsbury. By the time when the autumn leaves began to turn pale, Miss Theo's roses were in full bloom again, and my good Doctor Heberden's cure was pronounced to be complete. What else happened during this blessed period? Mr. Warrington completed his great tragedy of Pocahontas, which was not only accepted by Mr. Garrick this time (his friend Dr. Johnson having spoken not unfavourably of the work), but my friend and cousin, Hagan, was engaged by the manager to perform the part of the hero, Captain Smith. Hagan's engagement was not made before it was wanted. I had helped him and his family with means disproportioned, perhaps, to my power, especially considering my feud with Madam Esmond, whose answer to my angry missive of April came to me towards autumn, and who wrote back from Virginia

with war for war, controlment for controlment. These menaces, however, frightened me little: my poor mother's thunder could not reach me; and my conscience, or casuistry, supplied me with other interpretations for her texts of Scripture, so that her oracles had not the least weight with me in frightening me from my purpose. How my new loves speeded I neither informed her, nor any other members of my maternal or paternal family, who, on both sides, had been bitter against my marriage. Of what use wrangling with them? It was better to *carpere diem* and its sweet loves and pleasures, and to leave the railers to grumble, or the seniors to advise, at their ease.

Besides Madam Esmond I had, it must be owned, in the frantic rage of my temporary separation, addressed notes of wondrous sarcasm to my Uncle Warrington, to my Aunt Madame de Bernstein, and to my Lord or Lady of Castlewood (I forget to which individually), thanking them for the trouble which they had taken in preventing the dearest happiness of my life, and promising them a corresponding gratitude from their obliged relative. Business brought the jovial Baronet and his family to London somewhat earlier than usual, and Madame de Bernstein was never sorry to get back to Clarges Street and her cards. I saw them. They found me perfectly well. They concluded the match was broken off, and I did not choose to undeceive them. The Baroness took heart at seeing how cheerful I was, and made many sly jokes about my philosophy, and my prudent behaviour as a man of the world. She was, as ever, bent upon finding a rich match for me: and I fear I paid many compliments at her house to a rich young soap-boiler's daughter from Mile End, whom the worthy Baroness wished to place in my arms.

"You court her with infinite wit and *esprit*, my dear," says my pleased kinswoman, "but she does not understand half you say, and the other half, I think, frightens her. This *ton de persifflage* is very well in our society, but you must be sparing of it, my dear nephew, amongst these *roturiers*."

Miss Badge married a young gentleman of royal dignity, though shattered fortunes, from a neighbouring island; and I trust Mrs. Mackshane has ere this pardoned my levity. There was another person besides Miss at my aunt's house, who did not understand my *persifflage* much better than Miss herself; and that was a lady who had seen James the Second's reign, and who was alive and as worldly as ever in King George's. I loved to be with her: but that my little folks have access to this volume, I could put down a hundred stories of the great old folks whom she had known in the great old days—of George the First and his ladies, of St. John and Marlborough, of his reigning Majesty and the late Prince of Wales, and the causes of the quarrel between them—but my modest muse pipes for boys and virgins. Son Miles does not care about court stories, or if he doth, has a fresh budget from Carlton House, quite as bad as the worst of our old Baroness. No, my dear wife, thou hast no need to shake thy powdered

locks at me! Papa is not going to scandalise his nursery with Old World gossip, nor bring a blush over our chaste bread and butter.

But this piece of scandal I cannot help. My aunt used to tell it with infinite gusto; for, to do her justice, she hated your would-be good people, and sniggered over the faults of the self-styled righteous with uncommon satisfaction. In her later days she had no hypocrisy, at least; and in so far was better than some white-washed. . . . Well, to the story. My Lady Warrington, one of the tallest and the most virtuous of her sex, who had goodness for ever on her lips and "heaven in her eye," like the woman in Mr. Addison's tedious tragedy (which has kept the stage, from which some others, which shall be nameless, have disappeared), had the world in her other eye, and an exceedingly shrewd desire of pushing herself in it. What does she do, when my marriage with your ladyship yonder was supposed to be broken off, but attempt to play off on me those arts which she had tried on my poor Harry with such signal ill-success, and which failed with me likewise! It was not the Beauty—Miss Flora was for my master (and what a master! I protest I take off my hat at the idea of such an illustrious connection!)—it was Dora, the Muse, was set upon me to languish at me and to pity me, and to read even my godless tragedy, and applaud me and console me. Meanwhile, how was the Beauty occupied? Will it be believed that my severe aunt gave a great entertainment to my Lady Yarmouth, presented her boy to him, and placed poor little Miles under her ladyship's august protection? That, so far, is certain; but can it be that she sent her daughter to stay at my lady's house, which our gracious lord and master daily visited, and with the views which old Aunt Bernstein attributed to her? "But for that fit of apoplexy, my dear," Bernstein said, "that aunt of yours intended there should have been a *Countess in her own right* in the Warrington family!" * My neighbour and kinswoman, my Lady Claypole, is dead and buried. Grow white, ye daisies upon Flora's tomb! I can see my pretty Miles, in a gay little uniform of the Norfolk Militia, led up by his parent to the lady whom the king delighted to honour, and the good-natured old Jezebel laying her hand upon the boy's curly pate. I am accused of being but a lukewarm royalist; but sure I can contrast those times with ours, and acknowledge the difference between the late Sovereign and the present, who, born a Briton, has given to every family in the empire an example of decorum and virtuous life. †

Thus my life sped in the pleasantest of all occupation; and, being so happy myself, I could afford to be reconciled to those who, after all, had done me no injury, but rather added to the zest of my happiness by the brief obstacle which they had placed in my way. No specific

* Compare Walpole's letters in Mr. Cunningham's excellent new edition. See the story of the supper at N. House, to show what great noblemen would do for a king's mistress, and the pleasant account of the waiting for the Prince of Wales before Holland House.—EDITOR.

† The Warrington MS. is dated 1793.—ED.

plans were formed, but Theo and I knew that a day would come when we need say Farewell no more. Should the day befal a year hence —ten years hence—we were ready to wait. Day after day we discussed our little plans, with Hetty for our confidante. On our drives we spied out pretty cottages that we thought might suit young people of small means; we devised all sorts of delightful schemes and childish economies. We were Strephon and Chloe to be sure. A cot and a brown loaf should content us! Gumbo and Molly should wait upon us, (as indeed they have done from that day until this.) At twenty who is afraid of being poor? Our trials would only confirm our attachment. The "sweet sorrow" of every day's parting but made the morrow's meeting more delightful; and when we separated we ran home and wrote each other those precious letters, which we and other young gentlemen and ladies write under such circumstances; but though my wife has them all in a great tin sugar-box in the closet in her bed-room, and, I own, I myself have looked at them once, and even thought some of them pretty,—I hereby desire my heirs and executors to burn them all, unread, at our demise; specially desiring my son the Captain (to whom I know the perusal of MSS. is not pleasant), to perform this duty. Those secrets whispered to the penny-post, or delivered between Molly and Gumbo, were intended for us alone, and no ears of our descendants shall over-hear them.

We heard in successive brief letters how our dear Harry continued with the army, as Mr. General Amherst's aide-de-camp, after the death of his own glorious general. By the middle of October there came news of the Capitulation of Montreal and the whole of Canada, and a brief postscript in which Hal said he would ask for leave now, and must go and see the old lady at home, who wrote *as sulky as a bare*, Captain Warrington remarked. I could guess why, though the claws could not reach me. I had written pretty fully to my brother how affairs were standing with me in England.

Then, on the 25th October, comes the news that his Majesty has fallen down dead at Kensington, and that George III. reigned over us. I fear we grieved but little. What do those care for the Atridæ, whose hearts are strung only to *erota mounon?* A modest, handsome, brave new Prince, we gladly accept the common report that he is endowed with every virtue; and we cry huzzay with the loyal crowd that hails his accession: it could make little difference to us, as we thought, simple young sweethearts, whispering our little love-stories in our corner.

But who can say how great events affect him? Did not our little Charley, at the Chartreux, wish impiously for a new king immediately, because on his gracious Majesty's accession Doctor Crusius gave his boys a holiday? He and I, and Hetty, and Theo (Miss Theo was strong enough to walk many a delightful mile now), heard the Heralds proclaim his new Majesty before Savile House in Leicester Fields, and a pickpocket got the watch and chain of a gentleman hard by us,

and was caught and carried to Bridewell, all on account of his Majesty's accession. Had the king not died, the gentleman would not have been in the crowd; the chain would not have been seized; the thief would not have been caught and soundly whipped: in this way many of us, more or less remotely, were implicated in the great change which ensued, and even we humble folks were affected by it presently.

As thus. My Lord Wrotham was a great friend of the august family of Savile House, who knew and esteemed his many virtues. Now, of all living men, my Lord Wrotham knew and loved best his neighbour and old fellow-soldier, Martin Lambert, declaring that the world contained few better gentlemen. And my Lord Bute being all-potent, at first, with his Majesty, and a nobleman, as I believe, very eager at the commencement of his brief and luckless tenure of power, to patronise merit wherever he could find it, was strongly prejudiced in Mr. Lambert's favour by the latter's old and constant friend.

My (and Harry's) old friend Parson Sampson, who had been in and out of gaol I don't know how many times of late years, and retained an ever-enduring hatred for the Esmonds of Castlewood, and as lasting a regard for me and my brother, was occupying poor Hal's vacant bed at my lodgings at this time (being, in truth, hunted out of his own by the bailiffs). I liked to have Sampson near me, for a more amusing Jack-friar never walked in cassock; and, besides, he entered into all my rhapsodies about Miss Theo; was never tired (so he vowed) of hearing me talk of her; admired Pocahontas and Carpezan with, I do believe, an honest enthusiasm; and could repeat whole passages of those tragedies with an emphasis and effect that Barry or cousin Hagan himself could not surpass. Sampson was the go-between between Lady Maria and such of her relations as had not disowned her; and, always in debt himself, was never more happy than in drinking a pot, or mingling his tears with his friends in similar poverty. His acquaintance with pawnbrokers' shops was prodigious. He could procure more money, he boasted, on an article than any gentleman of his cloth. He never paid his own debts, to be sure, but he was ready to forgive his debtors. Poor as he was, he always found means to love and help his needy little sister, and a more prodigal, kindly, amiable rogue never probably grinned behind bars. They say that I love to have parasites about me. I own to have had a great liking for Sampson, and to have esteemed him much better than probably much better men.

When he heard how my Lord Bute was admitted into the cabinet, Sampson vowed and declared that his lordship—a great lover of the drama, who had been to see Carpezan, who had admired it, and who would act the part of the king very finely in it—he vowed, by George! that my lord must give me a place worthy of my birth and merits. He insisted upon it that I should attend his lordship's levee. I wouldn't? The Esmonds were all as proud as Lucifer; and, to be sure, my birth

was as good as that of any man in Europe. Demmy! Where was my lord himself when the Esmonds were lords of great counties, warriors, and Crusaders? Where were they? Beggarly Scotchmen, without a rag to their backs—by George! tearing raw fish in their islands. But now the times were changed. The Scotchmen were in luck. Mum's the word! "I don't envy him," says Sampson, "but he shall provide for you and my dearest, noblest, heroic captain! He SHALL, by George!" would my worthy parson roar out. And when, in the month after his accession, his Majesty ordered the play of Richard III. at Drury Lane, my chaplain cursed, vowed, swore, but he would have him to Covent Garden to see Carpezan, too. And now, one morning, he bursts into my apartment, where I happened to lie rather late, waving the newspaper in his hand, and singing "Huzza!" with all his might.

"What is it, Sampson?" says I. "Has my brother got his promotion?"

"No, in truth: but some one else has. Huzzay! huzzay! His Majesty has appointed Major-General Martin Lambert to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Jamaica."

I started up. Here was news, indeed! Mr. Lambert would go to his government: and who would go with him? I had been supping with some genteel young fellows at the "Cocoa Tree." The rascal Gumbo had a note for me from my dear mistress on the night previous, conveying the same news to me, and had delayed to deliver it. Theo begged me to see her at the old place at midday the next day without fail.*

There was no little trepidation in our little council when we reached our place of meeting. Papa had announced his acceptance of the appointment, and his speedy departure. He would have a frigate given him, and *take his family with him*. Merciful powers! and were we to be parted? My Theo's old deathly paleness returned to her. Aunt Lambert thought she would have swooned; one of Mrs. Goodison's girls had a bottle of salts, and ran up with it from the work-room. "Going away? Going away in a frigate, Aunt Lambert? Going to tear her away from me? Great God! Aunt Lambert, I shall die!" She was better when Mamma came up from the work-room with the young lady's bottle of salts. You see the women used to meet me: knowing dear Theo's delicate state, how could they refrain from compassionating her? But the General was so busy with his levees and his waiting on ministers, and his outfit, and the settlement of his affairs at home, that they never happened to tell him about our little walks and meetings; and even when orders for the outfit of the ladies were given, Mrs. Goodison, who had known and worked for Miss Molly Benson as a school-girl (she remembered Miss Esmond of Virginia

* In the Warrington MS. there is not a word to say what the "old place" was. Perhaps some obliging reader of "Notes and Queries" will be able to inform me, and who Mrs. Goodison was.—ED.

perfectly, the worthy lady told me, and a dress she made for the young lady to be presented at her Majesty's Ball)—"even when the outfit was ordered for the three ladies," says Mrs. Goodison, demurely, "why I thought I could do no harm in completing the order."

Now I need not say in what perturbation of mind Mr. Warrington went home in the evening to his lodgings, after the discussion with the ladies of the above news. No, or at least a very few, more walks; no more rides to dear, dear Hampstead or beloved Islington; no more fetching and carrying of letters for Gumbo and Molly! The former blubbered so, that Mr. Warrington was quite touched by his fidelity, and gave him a crown piece to go to supper with the poor girl, who turned out to be his sweetheart. What you, too, unhappy Gumbo, and torn from the maid you love? I was ready to mingle with him tear for tear.

What a solemn conference I had with Sampson that evening! He knew my affairs, my expectations, my mother's anger. Psha! that was far off, and he knew some excellent liberal people (of the order of Melchisedec) who would discount the other. The General would not give his consent? Sampson shrugged his broad shoulders and swore a great roaring oath. My mother would not relent? What then? A man was a man, and to make his own way in the world? he supposed. He is only a churl who won't play for such a stake as that, and lose or win, by George! shouts the Chaplain, over a bottle of Burgundy at the Bedford Head, where we dined. I need not put down our conversation. We were two of us, and I think there was only one mind between us. Our talk was of a Saturday night. . . . .

I did not tell Theo, nor any relative of her's, what was being done. But when the dear child faltered and talked, trembling, of the coming departure, I bade her bear up, and vowed all would be well, so confidently, that she, who ever has taken her alarms and joys from my face (I wish, my dear, it were sometimes not so gloomy), could not but feel confidence; and placed (with many fond words that need not here be repeated) her entire trust in me—murmuring those sweet words of Ruth that must have comforted myriads of tender hearts in my dearest maiden's plight; that whither I would go she would go, and that my people should be hers. At last, one day, the General's preparations being made, the trunks encumbering the passages of the dear old Dean Street lodging, which I shall love as long as I shall remember at all — one day, almost the last of his stay, when the good man (His Excellency we called him now), came home to his dinner—a comfortless meal enough it was in the present condition of the family—he looked round the table at the place where I had used to sit in happy old days, and sighed out: "I wish, Molly, George was here."

"Do you, Martin?" says Aunt Lambert, flinging into his arms.

"Yes, I do; but I don't wish you to choke me, Molly," he says. "I love him dearly. I may go away and never see him again, and

take his foolish little sweetheart along with me. I suppose you will write to each other, children? I can't prevent that, you know; and until he changes his mind, I suppose Miss Theo won't obey Papa's orders, and get him out of her foolish little head. Wilt thou, Theo?"

"No, dearest, dearest, best Papa!"

"What! more embraces and kisses! What does all this mean?"

"It means that — that George is in the drawing-room," says Mamma.

"Is he? My dearest boy!" cries the General. "Come to me—come in!" And when I entered he held me to his heart, and kissed me.

I confess at this I was so overcome that I fell down on my knees before the dear, good man, and sobbed on his own.

"God bless you, my dearest boy!" he mutters hurriedly. "Always loved you as a son—haven't I, Molly? Broke my heart nearly when I quarrelled with you about this little—What!—odds marrowbones!—*all* down on your knees! Mrs. Lambert, pray what is the meaning of all this?"

"Dearest, dearest Papa! I will go with you all the same!" whimpers one of the kneeling party. "And I will wait—O! as long as ever my dearest father wants me!"

"In Heaven's name!" roars the General, "tell me what has happened?"

What had happened was, that George Esmond Warrington and Theodosia Lambert had been married in Southwark that morning, their banns having been duly called in the church of a certain friend of the Reverend Mr. Sampson.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CONTAINING BOTH COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.

E, who had been active in the guilty scene of the morning, felt trebly guilty when we saw the effect which our conduct had produced upon him, who, of all others, we loved and respected. The shock to the good man was strange, and pitiful to us to witness who had administered it. The child of his heart had deceived and disobeyed him:—I declare I think, my dear, now, we would not or could not do it over again;—his whole family had entered into a league against him. Dear, kind friend and father! We know thou hast pardoned our wrong—in the heaven where thou dwellest amongst purified spirits who learned on earth how to love and pardon! To love and forgive were easy duties with that man. Beneficence was natural to him, and a sweet, smiling humility; and to wound either was to be savage and brutal, as to torture a child, or strike blows at a nursing woman. The deed done, all we guilty ones grovelled in the earth, before the man we had injured. I pass over the scenes of forgiveness, of reconciliation, of common worship together, of final separation when the good man departed to his government, and the ship sailed away before us, leaving me and Theo on the shore. We stood there hand in hand horribly abashed, silent, and guilty. My wife did not come to me till her father went: in the interval between the ceremony of our marriage and his departure, she had remained at home, occuping her old place by her father and bed by her sister's side: he as kind as ever, but the women almost speechless among themselves; Aunt Lambert, for once, unkind and fretful in her

temper; and little Hetty feverish and strange, and saying, "I wish we were gone. I wish we were gone." Though admitted to the house, and forgiven, I slunk away during those last days, and only saw my wife for a minute or two in the street, or with her family. She was not mine till they were gone. We went to Winchester and Hampton for what may be called our wedding. It was but a dismal business. For a while we felt utterly lonely: and of our dear father as if we had buried him, or drove him to the grave by our undutifulness.

I made Sampson announce our marriage in the papers. (My wife used to hang down her head before the poor fellow afterwards.) I took Mrs. Warrington back to my old lodgings in Bloomsbury, where there was plenty of room for us, and our modest married life began. I wrote home a letter to my mother in Virginia, informing her of no particulars, but only that Mr. Lambert being about to depart for his government, I considered myself bound in honour to fulfil my promise towards his dearest daughter; and stated that I intended to carry out my intention of completing my studies for the Bar, and qualifying myself for employment at home, or in our own or any other colony. My good Mrs. Mountain answered this letter, by desire of Madam Esmond, she said, who thought that for the sake of peace my communications had best be conducted that way. I found my relatives in a fury which was perfectly amusing to witness. The butler's face, as he said "Not at home," at my uncle's house in Hill Street, was a blank tragedy might have been studied by Garrick when he sees Banquo. My poor little wife was on my arm, and we were tripping away, laughing at the fellow's *accueil*, when we came upon my lady in a street stoppage in her chair. I took off my hat and made her the lowest possible bow. I affectionately asked after my dear cousins. "I—I wonder you dare look me in the face!" Lady Warrington gasped out. "Nay, don't deprive me of *that* precious privilege!" says I. "Move on, Peter," she screams to her chairman. "Your ladyship would not impale your husband's own flesh and blood!" says I. She rattles up the glass of her chair in a fury. I kiss my hand, take off my hat, and perform another of my very finest bows.

Walking shortly afterwards in Hyde Park with my dearest companion, I met my little cousin exercising on horseback with a groom behind him. As soon as he sees us, he gallops up to us, the groom powdering afterwards and bawling out, "Stop, Master Miles, stop!" "I am not to speak to my cousin," says Miles, "but telling you to send my love to Harry is not speaking to you. Is it? Is that my new cousin? I'm not told not to speak to her. I'm Miles, cousin, Sir George Warrington Baronet's son, and you are very pretty!" "Now, *duee* now, Master Miles," says the groom, touching his hat to us; and the boy trots away laughing and looking at us over his shoulder. "You see how my relations have determined to treat me," I say to my partner. "As if I married you for your relations!" says Theo, her eyes beaming joy and love into mine. Ah, how happy we were! how brisk and pleasant the

winter! How snug the kettle by the fire (where the abashed Sampson sometimes came and made the punch); how delightful the night at the theatre, for which our friends brought us tickets of admission, and where we daily expected our new play of Pocahontas would rival the successes of all former tragedies.

The fickle old aunt of Clarges Street, who received me on my first coming to London with my wife, with a burst of scorn, mollified presently, and as soon as she came to know Theo (who she had pronounced to be an insignificant little country-faced chit), fell utterly in love with her, and would have her to tea and supper every day when there was no other company. "As for company, my dears," she would say, "I don't ask you. You are no longer *du monde*. Your marriage has put that entirely out of the question." So she would have had us come to amuse her, and go in and out by the back-stairs. My wife was fine lady enough to feel only amused at this reception; and, I must do the Baroness's domestics the justice to say that, had we been duke and duchess, we could not have been received with more respect. Madame de Bernstein was very much tickled and amused with my story of Lady Warrington and the chair. I acted it for her, and gave her anecdotes of the pious Baronet's lady and her daughters, which pleased the mischievous, lively old woman.

The Dowager Countess of Castlewood, now established in her house at Kensington, gave us that kind of welcome which genteel ladies extend to their poorer relatives. We went once or twice to her ladyship's drums at Kensington; but, losing more money at cards, and spending more money in coach-hire than I liked to afford, we speedily gave up those entertainments, and, I daresay, were no more missed or regretted than other people in the fashionable world, who are carried by death, debt, or other accident, out of the polite sphere. My Theo did not in the least regret this exclusion. She had made her appearance at one of these drums, attired in some little ornaments which her mother left behind her, and by which the good lady set some store; but I thought her own white neck was a great deal prettier than these poor twinkling stones; and there were dowagers, whose wrinkled old bones blazed with rubies and diamonds, which, I am sure, they would gladly have exchanged for her modest *parure* of beauty and freshness. Not a soul spoke to her—except, to be sure, Beau Lothair, a friend of Mr. Will's, who prowled about Bloomsbury afterwards, and even sent my wife a billet. I met him in Covent Garden shortly after, and promised to break his ugly face if ever I saw it in the neighbourhood of my lodgings, and Madam Theo was molested no farther.

The only one of our relatives who came to see us (Madame de Bernstein never came; she sent her coach for us sometimes, or made inquiries regarding us by her woman or her major-domo) was our poor Maria, who, with her husband, Mr. Hagan, often took a share of our homely dinner. Then we had friend Spencer from the Temple, who admired our Arcadian felicity, and gently asked our sympathy for his

less fortunate loves; and twice or thrice the famous Doctor Johnson came in for a dish of Theo's tea. A dish? a pail full! "And a pail the best thing to feed him, Sar!" says Mr. Gumbo, indignantly: for the Doctor's appearance was not pleasant, nor his linen particularly white. He snorted, he grew red, and sputtered in feeding; he flung his meat about, and bawled out in contradicting people: and annoyed my Theo, whom he professed to admire greatly, by saying, every time he saw her, "Madam, you do not love me; I see by your manner you do not love me; though I admire you, and come here for your sake. Here is my friend Mr. Reynolds that shall paint you: he has no ceruse in his paint box that is as brilliant as your complexion." And so Mr. Reynolds, a most perfect and agreeable gentleman, would have painted my wife; but I knew what his price was, and did not choose to incur that expense. I wish I had now, for the sake of the children, that they might see what yonder face was like some five-and-thirty years ago. To me, Madam, 'tis the same now as ever; and your ladyship is always young!

What annoyed Mrs. Warrington with Dr. Johnson more than his contradictions, his sputterings, and his dirty nails, was, I think, an unfavourable opinion which he formed of my new tragedy. Hagan once proposed that he should read some scenes from it after tea.

"Nay, sir, conversation is better," says the Doctor. "I can read for myself, or hear you at the theatre. I had rather hear Mrs. Warrington's artless prattle than your declamation of Mr. Warrington's decasyllables. Tell us about your household affairs, madam, and whether His Excellency your father is well, and whether you made the pudden and the butter sauce. The butter sauce was delicious!" (He loved it so well that he had kept a large quantity in the bosom of a very dingy shirt.) "You made it as though you loved me. You helped me as though you loved me, though you don't."

"Faith, sir, you are taking some of the present away with you in your waistcoat," says Hagan, with much spirit.

"Sir, you are rude!" bawls the Doctor. "You are unacquainted with the first principles of politeness, which is courtesy before ladies. Having received an University education, I am surprised that you have not learned the rudiments of politeness. I respect Mrs. Warrington. I should never think of making personal remarks about her guests before her!"

"Then, sir," says Hagan, fiercely, "why did you speak of my theatre?"

"Sir, you are saucy!" roars the Doctor.

"*De te fabula*," says the actor. "I think it is your waistcoat that is saucy. Madam, shall I make some punch in the way we make it in Ireland?"

The Doctor, puffing, and purple in the face, was wiping the dingy shirt with a still more dubious pocket-handkerchief, which he then applied to his forehead. After this exercise, he blew a hyperborean

whistle, as if to blow his wrath away. "It *is de me*, sir—though, as a young man, perhaps you need not have told me so."

"I drop my point, sir! If you have been wrong, I am sure I am bound to ask your pardon for setting you so!" says Mr. Hagan, with a fine bow.

"Doesn't he look like a god?" says Maria, clutching my wife's hand: and indeed Mr. Hagan did look like a handsome young gentleman. His colour had risen; he had put his hand to his breast with a noble air: Chamont or Castalio could not present himself better.

"Let me make you some lemonade, sir; my papa has sent us a box of fresh limes. May we send you some to the Temple?"

"Madam, if they stay in your house they will lose their quality and turn sweet," says the Doctor. "Mr. Hagan, you are a young saucebox, that's what you are! Ho! ho! It is I have been wrong."

"O my lord, my Polidore!" bleats Lady Maria, when she was alone in my wife's drawing-room:

> "'O, I could hear thee talk for ever thus,
> Eternally admiring,—fix and gaze
> On those dear eyes, for every glance they send
> Darts through my soul, and fills my heart with rapture!'

Thou knowest not, my Theo, what a pearl and paragon of a man my Castalio is; my Chamont, my—O, dear me, child, what a pity it is that in your husband's tragedy he should have to take the horrid name of Captain Smith!"

Upon this Tragedy not only my literary hopes, but much of my financial prospects were founded. My brother's debts discharged, my mother's drafts from home duly honoured, my own expenses paid, which, though moderate, were not inconsiderable,—pretty nearly the whole of my patrimony had been spent, and this auspicious moment I must choose for my marriage! I could raise money on my inheritance: that was not impossible, though certainly costly. My mother could not leave her eldest son without a maintenance, whatever our quarrels might be. I had health, strength, good wits, some friends, and reputation—above all, my famous tragedy, which the manager had promised to perform, and upon the proceeds of this I counted for my present support. What becomes of the arithmetic of youth? How do we then calculate that a hundred pounds is a maintenance, and a thousand a fortune? How did I dare play against Fortune with such odds? I succeeded, I remember, in convincing my dear General, and he left home convinced that his son-in-law had for the present necessity at least a score of hundred pounds at his command. He and his dear Molly had begun life with less, and the Ravens had somehow always fed them. As for the women, the question of poverty was one of pleasure to those sentimental souls, and Aunt Lambert, for her part, declared it would be wicked and irreligious to doubt of a provision being made for her children. Was the Righteous ever forsaken? Did the Just man ever have to beg his bread? She knew better than that! "No, no, my

dears! I am not going to be afraid on *that* account, I warrant you! Look at me and my General!"

Theo believed all I said and wished to believe myself. So we actually began life upon a capital of Five Acts, and about three hundred pounds of ready money in hand!

Well, the time of the appearance of the famous tragedy drew near, and my friends canvassed the town to get a body of supporters for the opening night. I am ill at asking favours from the great; but when my Lord Wrotham came to London, I went, with Theo in my hand, to wait on his lordship, who received us kindly, out of regard for his old friend, her father—though he good-naturedly shook a finger at me (at which my little wife hung down her head), for having stole a march on the good General. However, he would do his best for her father's daughter; hoped for a success; said he had heard great things of the piece; and engaged a number of places for himself and his friends. But this patron secured, I had no other. "*Mon cher*, at my age," says the Baroness, "I should bore myself to death at a tragedy: but I will do my best; and I will certainly send my people to the boxes. Yes! Case in his best black looks like a nobleman; and Brett in one of my gowns, has a *faux air de moi* which is quite distinguished. Put down my name for two in the front boxes. Good bye, my dear. *Bonne chance!*" The Dowager Countess presented compliments (on the back of the nine of clubs), had a card party that night, and was quite sorry she and Fanny could not go to my tragedy. As for my uncle and Lady Warrington, they were out of the question. After the affair of the sedan chair I might as well have asked Queen Elizabeth to go to Drury Lane. These were all my friends—that host of aristocratic connexions about whom poor Sampson had bragged; and on the strength of whom, the manager, as he said, had given Mr. Hagan his engagement! "Where was my Lord Bute? Had I not promised his lordship should come?" he asks snappishly, taking snuff (how different from the brisk, and engaging, and obsequious little manager of six months ago!)—"I promised Lord Bute should come?"

"Yes," says Mr. Garrick, "and her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and his Majesty too."

Poor Sampson owned that he, buoyed up by vain hopes, had promised the appearance of these august personages.

The next day at rehearsal, matters were worse still, and the manager in a fury.

"Great Heavens, sir!" says he, "into what a pretty *guet-à-pens* have you led me! Look at that letter, sir!—read that letter!" And he hands me one.

"My Dear Sir" (said the letter),—"I have seen his Lordship, and conveyed to him Mr. Warrington's request that he would honour the tragedy of Pocahontas by his presence. His Lordship is a patron of the drama, and a magnificent friend of all the liberal arts; but he

desires me to say that he cannot think of attending himself, much less of asking his Gracious Master to witness the performance of a play, a principal part in which is given to an actor who has made a clandestine marriage with a daughter of one of his Majesty's nobility.

"Your well wisher,

"SAUNDERS MCDUFF.

"MR. D. GARRICK,
"At the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane."

My poor Theo had a nice dinner waiting for me after the rehearsal. I pleaded fatigue as the reason for looking so pale: I did not dare to convey to her this dreadful news.

DR. DE JONGH'S

(*Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium*)

LIGHT-BROWN

COD LIVER OIL,

Prescribed by the most eminent medical men throughout the world as the safest, speediest, and most effectual remedy for

CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST AND THROAT, GENERAL DEBILITY, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL THE DISORDERS OF CHILDREN ARISING FROM DEFECTIVE NUTRITION.

Dr. de Jongh, an eminent Dutch Physician, has, as is well known, devoted himself for upwards of sixteen years to a series of scientific researches into the nature and properties of Cod Liver Oil. His works recording these investigations have been translated into most of the European languages; by universal admission, they are regarded by the Faculty as the standard authority upon the subject; and in addition to the spontaneous approval and highly flattering testimonials from some of the most distinguished medical men and scientific chemists of Europe—amongst whom may be enumerated the illustrious Liebig, of the University of Giessen, the renowned Swedish Chemist, Berzelius, and the celebrated Physician, Baron Fouquier, of the University of Paris—Dr. de Jongh has been rewarded by his Majesty Leopold I., the King of the Belgians, with the dignity of a Knight of the Order of Leopold, and the large Gold Medal of Merit, and by his Majesty William II., the King of the Netherlands, with a Silver Medal specially struck for the purpose.

Extensive use upon the Continent for many years has gained for Dr. de Jongh's Oil the highest repute, and professional and general appreciation. Since its introduction into this country it has secured the entire confidence of the most eminent members of the British medical profession, and has obtained, notwithstanding the active and in many instances unscrupulous opposition of interested dealers, an unprecedented amount of public patronage.

Dr. de Jongh's elaborate chemical investigations and therapeutical experiments with the several kinds of Cod Liver Oil have demonstrated the superior efficacy of this pure Light Brown Oil, which effects a cure, relieves symptoms, and alleviates suffering in a much shorter time than the Pale Oil: iodine, phosphate of lime, volatile fatty acids, and the elements of the bile—imparting the colour to the Oil, and deemed amongst its most active and essential principles—being invariably present in much larger quantities than in the Pale Oils manufactured in England and Newfoundland, which, by their mode of preparation, are in a great measure deprived of these active properties.

In taste and odour Dr. de Jongh's Oil is not disagreeable or repulsive; it is easily taken by the most delicate invalid or child; creates no nausea or after-taste; is borne with facility, and not rejected by the stomach; and does not irritate or disturb the organs, but improves the functions of digestion and assimilation.

Its medicinal properties are found, in practice, to be infinitely greater than those of the ordinary Cod Liver Oil, and it produces beneficial results and effects a cure in a much shorter period. In innumerable cases Dr. de Jongh's Oil has afforded immediate mitigation of symptoms, arrested disease, and restored health, where other kinds of Cod Liver Oil had been long and copiously administered with little or no benefit.

In use it is not so expensive as any Oil sold as genuine by respectable Chemists, whilst its active properties, more rapid effects, the smaller doses required, and its uniform purity and certainty of operation, render it far preferable and more really economical than that which is offered at the lowest price. *This latter consideration is particularly worthy the attention of all who, from motives of apparent cheapness, may be induced inadvertently to recommend or purchase an inferior or spurious preparation.*

PRINCIPAL MALADIES IN WHICH DR. DE JONGH'S COD LIVER OIL HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY PRESCRIBED.

CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST AND THROAT.

The extraordinary virtues of this medicine in tubercular consumption, a disease long allowed to be one of the *opprobria medicinæ*, may now be considered as fully established. Administered in time, and steadily persevered in, it has not only the power of subduing all disposition to phthisis, but of arresting the development of tubercles; or, when the disease has advanced to the developed form, it has accomplished, in numerous instances, a perfect cure. In the last stage, it is, at all events, the best palliative means of allaying the urgent symptoms, and even when a complete cure is not produced, it may for years prolong life and render it more supportable. No remedy so rapidly restores the exhausted strength, improves the nutritive functions, stops or diminishes emaciation, checks the perspiration, quiets the cough and expectoration, or produces a more marked and favourable influence on the local malady. Hospital, dispensary, and private practice, all furnish innumerable cases in which the administration of this remedy has been attended with the happiest results To quote the eloquent words of the Rev. C. D. Badham, M.D., the gifted author of "Ancient and Modern Fish Tattle:"—

"With what still greater wonder and complacency must every enlightened physician, now-a-days, contemplate that wholly unexpected and invaluable ally which suffering lungs have recently secured from the iatric liver of the cod. *Alere flammam*—to feed common lamps—was, till lately, all it professed to do; but now its vaunt is, *alere vitam*—to replenish the lamp of life when burning low, and threatening to go out. Thousands of cases hitherto most unpromising, have, under its auspices, suddenly changed their aspect, and looked bright: here, a fair girl hastening to decay, had scarcely taken a few doses, when the ominous cough was appeased, she recovered her roses, smiled once more on a reassured family of friends, and went on her way rejoicing; there, a case of graver import, which had whispered death to the inquiring ear, made a stand, rallied, and consumption was, for the time, arrested in mid-course; and again, in patients still further reduced by the blighting malady, the administration of the bland Oil was frequently observed to respite, soften, and assuage sufferings beyond its power to remove. Scepticism, by slow degrees, made way to conviction; and he who, a few years ago, would justly have passed for a quack who should have pretended to cure consumption, is now countenanced everywhere by brother practitioners, who have all the same story to tell, till the world at large has become convinced of the fact; and there is now not a village apothecary through the length and breadth of our isle who has not himself witnessed some of the endless beneficent wonders which this penetrating balm, under the Divine blessing, has already worked, and is daily working, among the children of men."

In non-tubercular pulmonary disease, so prevalent, especially among the industrial population, who are exposed to abrupt vicissitudes of heat and cold, and to the mechanical irritation produced in the respiratory organs by the impregnation of the air of mines and manufactories with earthy or metallic particles, or with dust emanating from flax, cotton, or wool, the soothing and reparative action of Dr. de Jongh's Oil subdues the chronic inflammation of the lungs, and effectually arrests the progress of the malady.

The same beneficial results attend the administration of this Oil in many chronic affections of the throat as in pulmonary diseases. M. Champouillon, the celebrated French Physician of the Hospital of Val de Grâce, asserts, from considerable experience, that this Oil is most effectual in curing chronic bronchitis. No remedy so speedily allays, and permanently cures, the distressing irritation which provokes frequent and prolonged coughing. The actual benefit derived is thus conclusively stated by Arthur Cridland, Esq., an eminent surgeon in extensive practice at Brighton:—

"The effect of Dr. de Jongh's Cod Liver Oil on myself in the latter stage of whooping cough, last winter, was remarkable. I suffered from excessive irritation of the larynx; consequently, I was greatly reduced in strength and appearance, and quite unable to attend to my professional duties. It occurred to me that the Oil which I was frequently prescribing would benefit my own case, and, after taking it a few days, its good effect commenced, and at the end of six weeks I regained my usual health and strength, and had entirely lost the laryngial irritation, which was of a most harassing and fearfully distressing character.

"It is therefore with much pleasure I beg to add my testimony to the excellent results attendant on Dr. de Jongh's Oil."

GENERAL DEBILITY AND EMACIATION.

To maintain health, or to avert the access or development of disorders to which there is a constitutional predisposition, as well as to impart strength in old age, convalescence, or natural feebleness, Dr. de Jongh's Oil has been used with the greatest benefit. In cases of prostration and emaciation, produced by long sickness, by exposure to the influence of tropical climates or vicissitudes of temperature, to a cold, humid, or vitiated atmosphere, in fenny and marshy countries, unhealthy manufactories and mines, or where excessive labour, fatigue, bad nourishment, and other hardships, have reduced the vital forces, and where life appeared to be even at its lowest ebb, the reparative and restorative powers of this Oil have been remarkably manifested. According to Taufflieb, Breefeld, Carey, and other eminent physicians, its action appears to be different from that of the ordinary tonics properly so called, and it has, in consequence, been resorted to with the most beneficial effect after the whole range of these had been in vain exhausted.

By its administration the failing physical powers of advancing age are renewed, the natural appetite is revived, and the functions of digestion and assimilation improved and regulated, and when its use is steadily persevered in, from its peculiarly nutritious and tonic properties, it swiftly restores flesh to the most emaciated frame, and imparts health and strength to the most feeble and deteriorated constitution. These peculiar characteristics of Dr. de Jongh's Oil are thus described by Henry Hanks, Esq., a distinguished London practitioner:—

"The superior efficacy of Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil over the Pale Cod Liver Oil has proved, in my experience, unequivocal.

"Patients who have persisted for several months in the use of the latter, with scarcely any perceptible improvement, have, after a brief trial of Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil, acquired such fatness, and those distressing symptoms accompanying emaciation have so rapidly subsided, that I have been induced to confide in its reputed remedial powers, and, consequently, to advise its substitution for the Pale Cod Liver Oil."

DISORDERS OF INFANCY, CHILDHOOD, AND ADOLESCENCE.

In those severe disorders, infantile wasting, rickets, and mesenteric disease or swelling of the belly, Dr. de Jongh's Cod Liver Oil, whether the disease be at its commencement or at its height, will supersede every other means of cure, and will accomplish whatever can be expected or hoped for from any medicine. The learned German Physician Brefeld, gives the following description of its operation:—

"The healing virtue of this Oil in these forms of disease is as incredible as it is unlimited in its effects. Even in the very extremity of life, where the patient appears to be sinking, and death inevitable, it affords relief as a matter of certainty. I know nothing to controvert this, except an intervening attack of acute fever and the termination of life, the death-struggle itself. It moderates slow fever and diarrhœa as well as the other symptoms of rickets, which one after the other are gradually dispersed. It improves digestion and the consequent nourishment of the body; the tumid belly softens and diminishes in size as the wasted extremities begin to recover their rotundity. The old features again become natural and childish; the skin moist and clear; the powers of life are restored; the eyes are again full of life and brightness; the slow fever disappears; the childish gaiety re-establishes itself; with a return of healthy sound sleep, and removal of that anxious nightly starting and shrieking which render the night so wretched to the infant. With the increasing strength the desire and ability to stand and to walk return; and the unnatural state of the bones, both in form and strength, by degrees is corrected.

"As an anthelmintic the Oil is a most excellent adjuvant, by which the worms are dislodged, both mildly and effectually."

In that precarious and distressing state where the child may be sickly and feeble without being actually ill, the surprising efficacy of Dr. de Jongh's Oil is thus described by the distinguished Physician, Dr. Edward Carey:—

"It is in the diseases incidental to childhood that mainly depend on the mal-assimilation of the food in the pale cachectic child, when the anxious practitioner has exhausted the whole range of alteratives and tonics, that this Cod Liver Oil will come in and satisfy his most sanguine expectations. Where the powers of life are low, it affords nourishment to the body when none other can be borne; it furnishes the frame with fat in a truly wonderful manner; and, administered as it is in Holland, to the delicate and puny child, who, though not considered ill, is in that state of impaired health which would favour the development of disease, its extraordinary effects will soon be visible, after having taken it for a short period, by an appearance of health and strength which was before unknown, and which will be accomplished by no other remedy with which we are at present acquainted."

The remedial virtues of Dr. de Jongh's Oil in cases of hereditary weakness or deficient nutrition, the prolific causes of convulsive affections and many fatal disorders of children, are thus recorded in the *Medical Times and Gazette*:—

"In badly nourished infants Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil is invaluable. The rapidity with which two or three teaspoonfuls per diem will fatten a young child is truly astonishing. The weight gained is three times the weight of the Oil swallowed, or more; and, as children like the taste of the Oil, and when it is given them often cry for more, it appears as though there were some prospect of deliverance for the appalling multitude of children who figure in the weekly bills of mortality issued from the office of the Registrar-General."

In checking a tendency to consumption and general debility at that age when a too rapid growth in the young renders the constitution fragile, and weakens the powers of assimilation and nutrition, this Oil has been found singularly efficacious. Dr. Pruys van der Hoeven, the eminent Physician of Leyden, states:—

"I have given it to boys whose form of chest, delicate skin, and disposition to catarrh, showed a phthisical habit, and it has, in conjunction with dietetic and gymnastic rules, not only improved the delicate appearance, but has removed the obstinate cough. I have administered it to young people who grow tall exceedingly quickly, and have in all cases found it a most powerful restorative."

DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

In these distressing and unsightly complaints, which oftentimes tenaciously resist for years the whole Pharmacopœia of alteratives and tonics, combined with every available ointment and lotion, the curative effects of Dr. de Jongh's Oil, after a few weeks' administration, in the most inveterate cases, have been so remarkable, that this safe and simple remedy is now regarded as a specific in the most prevalent chronic cutaneous affections.

It will be sufficient to quote the following opinion of Thomas Hunt, Esq., Surgeon to the Western Dispensary for Diseases of the Skin, and the eminent writer on cutaneous disorders, who, in his popular work, "Guide to the Treatment of Diseases of the Skin," observes:—

"If there is any one medicine which is at all to be compared with arsenic in its power over skin diseases, that medicine is the Cod Liver Oil sold in bottles as Dr. de Jongh's Oil. As there is no medicine in the market more grossly adulterated than what is called Cod Liver Oil, I insist upon my patients procuring this article, which I know to be genuine, not only by analysis, but by the invariably satisfactory operation of the medicine in very small doses, in the cases to which it is appropriate. These are chiefly those accompanied with wasting of the flesh, from whatever cause, mal-assimilation, defective nutrition, variable appetite, deficient food, strumous disease, &c. The cutaneous diseases most benefited by the Oil may be cited in the following order—strumous sores, sycosis, lupus, acne, prurigo, lichen, eczema."

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS DISORDERS.

All who have prescribed this Oil have unanimously acknowledged its virtues in every form of scrofula, and bestowed upon it the highest praise, which has secured it the first place amongst anti-scrofulous remedies. It eradicates the first trace of the disease, and prevents its development and formation.

Brefeld says, "There is no remedy which at all approaches its therapeutic properties in scrofulous disease; it is an undoubted powerful medicine, operating in a peculiar specific manner, and affording relief where, to all appearance, and according to former experience, the disorder was beyond the reach of medicine."

Kopp states, "The first time the Cod Liver Oil is prescribed for a scrofulous patient, its favourable effects are soon apparent, and which can only be attributed to its use, frequently acting in a truly wonderful manner. It effects a change in the general appearance; the cachectic colour is lost, the flabby flesh becomes firm, the chain of swollen glands diminish and separate, and ulcers put on a healthy character and heal."

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

The following are selected from some of the leading British medical opinions in commendation of DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil :—

The late JONATHAN PEREIRA, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S.,

Professor at the University of London, &c. &c.

"My dear Sir,—I was very glad to find from you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that you were interested commercially in Cod Liver Oil. It was fitting that the Author of the best analysis and investigations into the properties of this Oil should himself be the Purveyor of this important medicine.

"I feel, however, some diffidence in venturing to fulfil your request, by giving you my opinion of the quality of the Oil of which you gave me a sample; because I know that no one can be better, and few so well, acquainted with the physical and chemical properties of this medicine as yourself, whom I regard as the highest authority on the subject.

"I can, however, have no hesitation about the propriety of responding to your application. The Oil which you gave me was of the very finest quality, whether considered with reference to its colour, flavour, or chemical properties; and I am satisfied that, for medicinal purposes, no finer Oil can be procured.

"With my best wishes for your success, believe me, my dear Sir, to be very faithfully yours,

"(Signed) **JONATHAN PEREIRA,**

"To Dr. de Jongh." "Finsbury Square, London, April 16, 1851.

A. B. GRANVILLE, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.,

Author of "The Spas of Germany," "The Spas of England," "On Sudden Death," *&c. &c.*

"Dr. Granville has used Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil extensively in his practice, and has found it not only efficacious, but uniform in its qualities. He believes it to be preferable in many respects to Oils sold without the guarantee of such an authority as De Jongh. Dr. Granville has found that this particular kind produces the desired effect in a shorter time than others, and that it does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the pale Newfoundland Oils. The Oil being, moreover, much more palatable, Dr. Granville's patients have themselves expressed a preference for Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil."

G. H. BARLOW, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.P.,

Physician to Guy's Hospital, Author of "A Manual of the Practice of Medicine," *&c. &c.*

"I have frequently recommended persons consulting me to make use of Dr. de Jongh's Cod Liver Oil. I have been well satisfied with its effects, and believe it to be a pure Oil, well fitted for those cases in which the use of that substance is indicated."

CHARLES COWAN, Esq., M.D., L.R.C.S.E.,

Senior Physician to the Royal Berkshire Hospital, Consulting Physician to the Reading Dispensary, &c. &c.

"Dr. Cowan is glad to find that the Profession has some reasonable guarantee for a genuine article. The material now sold varies in almost every establishment where it is purchased, and a tendency to prefer a colourless and tasteless Oil, if not counteracted, will ultimately jeopardize the reputation of an unquestionably valuable addition to the Materia Medica. Dr. Cowan wishes Dr. de Jongh every success in his meritorious undertaking."

C. RADCLYFFE HALL, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.P.E.,

Physician to the Hospital for Consumption, Torquay, Author of "Torquay in its Medical Aspect," *&c. &c.*

"I have no hesitation in saying that I generally prefer your Cod Liver Oil, for the following reasons:—I have found it to agree better with the digestive organs, especially in those patients who consider themselves to be bilious; it seldom causes nausea or eructation; it is more palatable to most patients than the other kinds of Cod Liver Oil; it is stronger, and consequently a smaller dose is sufficient."

RICHARD MOORE LAWRANCE, Esq., M.D.

Physician to H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Ophthalmic Surgeon to the Great Northern Hospital, &c.

"I have frequently tested your Cod Liver Oil, and so impressed am I with its superiority, that I invariably prescribe it in preference to any other, feeling assured that I am recommending a genuine article, and not a manufactured compound, in which the efficacy of this invaluable medicine is destroyed."

☞ Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil *is sold only in bottles; each bottle being sealed with a stamped metallic capsule, and bearing beneath the pink outside wrapper a label with* Dr. de Jongh's *stamp and signature, and to these capsules and marks purchasers are earnestly requested to pay particular attention.*

WITHOUT THESE NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE.

FULL DIRECTIONS FOR USE ACCOMPANY EACH BOTTLE.

IMPERIAL Half-Pints (10 ounces), 2*s.* 6*d.* Pints (20 ounces), 4*s.* 9*d.* Quarts (40 ounces), 9*s.*

Sold by ANSAR, HARFORD, & Co., 77, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.,

Dr. de Jongh's *sole accredited Consignees and Agents; and by most respectable Chemists and Druggists throughout the British Empire.*

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—*The public are solicitously cautioned against intrusive attempts frequently made by apparently respectable but not over-scrupulous Chemists, not satisfied with the legitimate profits of trade, to induce them to purchase other kinds of Cod Liver Oil, under the fallacious pretence that they are the same as* Dr. de Jongh's, *or equally efficacious. Where this discreditable course is pursued, purchasers are earnestly requested to apply directly to* Dr. de Jongh's *Agents in London, who will enable them to obtain the Oil without any additional charge.*

New Serial Work by the Author of "Sponge's Tour," "Handley Cross," Illustrated by JOHN LEECH.

On the 30th June will be published, price 1s., the First Monthly Number of

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WITH COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS AND WOODCUTS BY

CHARLES KNIGHT'S
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THE FIVE VOLUMES of this History, which are now completed—having also been issued in *Forty Monthly Parts*—bring down the annals of our country from the Invasion of Cæsar to the Death of Queen Anne. It was the object of the author to close a volume at the period of the Accession of that Constitutional Dynasty under which these realms have now flourished for nearly a century and a half. The remainder of his undertaking will form the

HISTORY OF ENGLAND UNDER THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.

It is the author's intention to comprise this eventful era in Three Volumes, which will complete the entire work. The vast accumulation of new and authentic materials for such a History, even up to our own immediate times, renders an adequate fulfilment of his task far more onerous than any portion of his previous labours. It is the obvious duty of the historian so to master these voluminous details, as at least to comprehend their spirit in producing even such a compendium as that contemplated. To enable the author more definitely to arrange the proportions of his future narrative, with reference chiefly to this accumulation of new materials, it is necessary for him to solicit the indulgence of the periodical subscribers to the work, by suspending for one month the issue of the First Part of Volume VI.

Part XLI., commencing the History of England under the House of Brunswick, will be published on the 1st of July.

LONDON: BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

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1 Mustard Spoon do.	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 6
1 Pair Sugar Tongs do.	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers do.	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 14 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife do.	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
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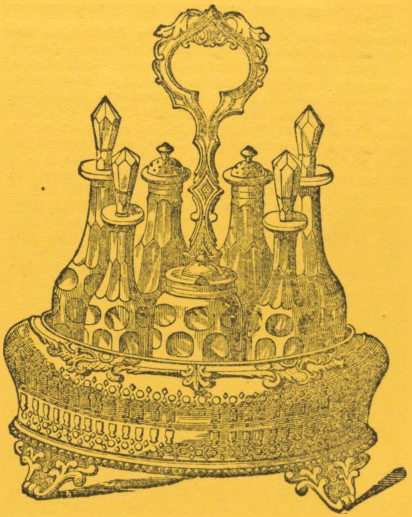

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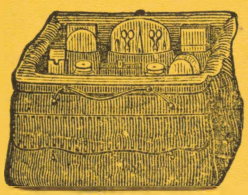

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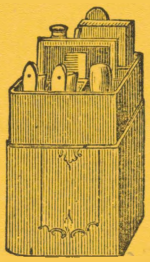

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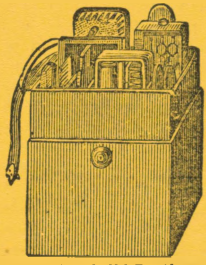

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